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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Jack Juggler

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The Tudor Facsimile Texts

Under the Supervision and Editorship of

JOHN S. FARMER

Jack Juggler

[*c.* 1553-61]

Issued for Subscribers by the Editor of

THE TUDOR FACSIMILE TEXTS

MCMXII

A.269077

Jack Juggler

[*c.* 1553-61]

For bibliographical details students may refer to the introduction to the facsimile reprint of "Thersytes" in this Series.

The author is unknown and the date given cannot be said to be more than conjectural.

The reproduction is good and, being what it is, very satisfactory.

JOHN S. FARMER.

A new Enterlued for Chyldren to playe, named Jacke Jugeler, both wytte, and very playsent. Newly Imprynted.

The Players names.

Mayster Boungrace	A galant
Dame coye	A Gentelwoman
Jacke Jugler	The byce
Jenkin careaway	A Lackey.
Ales trype and go	A mayd.

Jacke Jugler.

INterpone tuis interdum gaudia curis
Ut possis animo quemues sufferre laborem
Doo any of you knowe what latine is this
Or ells wold you haue, an expositorem
To declare it in Englyshe, per sensum planiorem
It is best I speake Englyshe, or ells with in a whylle
I may percace myne owne selfe, with my latin begile.

The two verses, which I rehersid before
I finde written, in the boke of Cato the wyse
Emongs good precepts, of lyuing a thousand more
Which to folowe there, he doth all men auise
And they may be Englyshed, breflie in this wyse
Emongs thy carkful busines, vse some time mirth & ioye
That no bodilye worke, thy wyttes breke or noye.

For the mynd (saith he) in serious matters occupied
Yf it haue not sum quiet mirthe, and recreacion
Interchaungeable admixed, must niddes be sone wery ed
And (as who should saye) tried, through continual opera
Of labour and busines, without relaxacion (cion)
Therfore intermix honest mirthe, in suche wise
That your strēght may be refreshid, & to labours suffise

For as meat and drinke, naturall rest and slepe
For the conseruacion, and helth of the bodye
Must niddes be had, soo the mynd and wittes to kepe
Pregnant, freshe industrius, quike and lustie
Honest mirthe, and pastime, is requisite and necessarie
For, Quod caret alterna requie durabile non est
Nothing may endure (saith Ouyd) with out sum rest.

Example

Example, prouke her ofin erth is well founde
Manifest open and verie euident
For except the husbandman suffer his grounde
Sum tymes to rest, it wol bere no frute verament
Therfore they lett the filde lye, euerie second yeare
To the end that after rest, it may the better corne beare.

Thus than (as I haue sayed) it is a thyng naturall
And naturallie belonging to all lyuing creatures
And vnto man especiallie, aboue others all
To haue at times conuenient pastaūce, mirthe, & pleasurs
So thei be ioyned w honestie, & keapt w in due measurs
And the same well allowed not onlye the said Cato
But also ỹ Philosophers, Plutarke, Socrates & Plato

And Cicero Tullius, a man sapient and wyse
Willeth the same, in that his fyrst boke
Which he wrot, and entytulid, of an honest mans office
Who so is dispolid therupon to looke
Wher to define, and affirme, he boldlie on him tooke
That to here Enterluds, is pastime conuenient
For all maner men, and a thing congruent.

He rekeneth that namelie, as a verie honest dispoyt
And aboue al other thinges, commendeth ỹ old cōmedie
The hearing of which, may doo the mynd cumfort
For they be replenished with precepts of Philosophie
The conteine mutch wisdome & teache prudēt pollecie
And though thei be al writē of mattiers of non importaūce
Yet the shew great wit, and mutch prietie conueiaunce.

And in this maner of making, Plautus did excell

As

As recordeth the same Tullius cõmending him bi name
Wherfore this maker deliteth passingly well
Too folowe his argumentes, and drawe out the same
For to make at seasuns cõueniẽt passims mirth & game
As now he hath dõ this matter not worth an oyster shel
Except percace it shall furtune too make you laugh well

And for that purpose onlye this maker did it write
Taking the ground therof out of Plautus first cõmedie
And the first scentence of ꝑ same for higher things endite
In no wise he wold, for yet the time is so queste
That he that speaketh best, is lest thanke worthie
Therfore, sith noting but trifles maye be had
you shal here a thing ꝑ onlie shal make you merie & glad.

And suche a trifling matter as when it shalbe done
Ye may report and saye ye haue hearde nothing at all
Therfore I tell you all, before it be begone
That noman looke to heare of matters substancyall
Nor mattiers of any grauitee either great or small
For this maker shewed vs that suche maner thinges
Doo neuer well beseme litle boyes handelinges.

Wherfore yf ye wyl not sowrelie your browes bende
At suche a fantastical conceite as this
But can be content to heare and see the ende
I woll go shew the Players what your pleasure is
Which to wait vpon you I know bee redie or this
I woll goo sende them hither in too your presence
Desiryng that they may haue quiet audience.

Iake

❧ Jake Jugler.

OUr lord of heuen and swete sainte Jhone
Kepe you merye my maisters euerychone
And I praye to Christ and swete saint Steuen
Send you all many a good euine
And you to syr, and you, and you also
Good euine to you an hundered times & a thousand mo
Now by all thes crosses of flesche bone and blod
I reckine my chaunce right maruaylus good
Here now to find all this cumpanie
Which in my mynde I wysshed for hartylie
For I haue labored all daye tyll I am werie
And now am disposed too passe the time, and be merie
And I thinke noon of you, but he wolde do the same
For who wol be sad, and nedithe not, is foule to blame
And as for mee, of my mother I haue byn tought
To bee merie when I may, and take no thought
Which leasone, I bare so well awaye
That I vse to make merye oons a daye
And now if all thinges happyn right
You shall see as mad a passtime this night
As you saw this seuen yers, and as prapre a toye
As euer yon saw played of a boye
I am called Jake Jugler, of many an oon
And in faith I woll playe a iugling cast a non
I woll cunger the moull, and god before
Or elles leat me lese my name for euer more
I haue it deuised, and compassed hou
And what wayes, I woll tell and shew to you
you all know we ll Maister Boungrace
The gentilman that dwellith here in this place
And Jenkine Carreawaie, his page as cursed a lad

And

And as vngracious as euer man had
An vnhappy wage, & as foliſhe a knaue with al
As any is now, within London wall
This Jenkine and I been fallen at great debate
For a mattier, that fell betwine vs a late
And hitherto of him I could neuer reuenged be
For his maiſter mantaineth hi, & loueth not me
Albe it the very truth to tell
Nother of thē both, knoweth me not verie well
But againſt al other boies, the ſayd gentle man
Mayntayneth him, all that he can
But I ſhall ſet lytle by my wyte
If I do not Jenkine this night requite
Ere I ſlepe Jenkine ſhall bee mete
And I truſt to cume partlye out of his dete
And whan we mete againe, if this do not ſuffiſe
I ſhall paye Jenkine the reſidue, in my beſt wyſe
It chaūced me right now in the other end of ȳ next ſtreet
With Jenkine and his mayſter, in the face to met
I a boed ther a whylle, playng for to ſee
At the Buklers, as welbecommed mee
It was not longe tyme, but at the laſt
Bake cumithe my colune Careawaie, homward ful faſt
Wicking, Braunſing, and ſpringynge in his ſhort cote
And pleaſauntlie ſynginge, with a mery note
Whyther a waye ſo faſt, tary a whyle ſayed oon
I cannot now ſayd Jenkine, I muſt nides bee goon
My maiſter ſuppeth herbye, at a gentylmans place
And I muſt thither feache my dame, maiſtres boūgrace
But yet er I go, I care not motche
At the bukelers to playe, with thee oon faire toche
To it they went, and played ſo long

Tyll

Tyll Jenkine thought he had wrong
By cokes precious potlike, I wyll not home this night
Quod he, but as good a stripe oon thie hed lyght
Within halfe an houre, or sume what lese
Jenkine lefte playng, and went to featche his maisteris
But by the waye he met with a Frcuteres wyfe
There Jenkine and she fell at suche strife
For snatching of an Apple, that doune he cast
Her basket, and gatherid vp the apples fast
And put them in his sleue, thē came he his waye
By an other lane, as fast as he maye
tyll he came at a corner, by a shoops stall
Where boyes were at Dice, karyng at all
When Careawaie with that good cumpany met
He fell to karyng, withouten let
Forgettyng his message, and so well did he fare
that whan I came bye, he gan swere and stare
And full bitterlye, began to curse
As oone that had lost, almost all in his purse
For I knowe his olde gise, and condicion
Neuer to leaue, tyll all his mony bee goon
For he hath noo mony, but what he doth stell
And that woll he playe, awaye euery dell
I passed by, and then called vnto my mynd
Sartayde old rekeaninges, that were behynd
Bitwen Jenkine & me, whō partlie to recōpence
I trust by gods grace, ere I goo hence
This garments, cape, and all other geare
That now you see, apon me here
I haue doon oon, all lyke vnto his
For the nons, and my purpose is
To make Jenkine, bylue yf I can

That he is not him ſelfe, but an other man
For except he hath better loke, than he had
He woll cum hyther, ſtarke ſtaryng mad
Whan he ſhall cum, I wol handle my captine ſo
That he ſhal not well wot, whether too goo
His Mailteris I know, ſhe woll him blame
And his Mayſter alſo, wyll doo the ſame
Becauſe that he, of her ſupper deceiued is
For I am ſure they haue all ſupped by this
But and if Jenkine, wold hither reſort
I truſt he and I, ſhould make ſum ſport
Yf I had ſooner ſpokine, he wold haue ſooner been here
For my limithe, I do his voyce heare.

¶ Careawaye.

Alyz I may ſaye, I haue been at a feſt
I haue loſt .ii.s. and ſyx pence at the leſt
Mary lyz, of this gaynes I nyde make no boſt
But the dyuell goo with all, moze haue I loſt
My name is Careawaie, let all ſozow paſſe
I woll ere too mozow night be as rich as euer I
Oz at ỹ fozthest within a day oz twaine (was
We Mayſters purſe, ſhall paye me agayne
Therfoz hogh careawaie, now wol I ſig. hei hei
But bi ỹ lozde now I remembze a nother thing
By my faith Jenkine my Mailteris and thou
Ar lyke to gree, god knoweth hou
That thou comeſt not, foz her incontinent
To bzyng hir to ſupper, when thou were ſent
And now they haue all ſupped, thou wolt ſhurlie abye
Except thou imagine, ſumpzetie and craftye lye
For ſhe is as all other wemen bee
A verie curſed ſhzew, by the bleſſid Trinitie

And

And a verye Dyuell, for yf she oons begyne
To fyght, or chyde, in a weke she wol not lyne
And a great pleasure she hath, specyally now of late
To gette poore me, now and then by the pate
For she is an angrye pece of flesche, and sone displeasyd
Quikely moued, but not lyghtlye appesed
We vse to call her at home, dame Coye
A prettie gingerlie pice, god saue her and saint Loye
As denty and nice, as an halpeny worth of siluer spoons
But vengable melancolie, in the after noons
She vseth for hir bodylie helth, and safegard
To chyd daylie oone fite, too supperward
And my Mayster him selfe, is worse then she
If he ons thzoughlye angeryd bee
And a mayd we haue at home, Aulsoon tripe and goo
Not all London can shewe, suche other twoo
She simperith, she prankith and getteth with out faylle
As a pecocke that hath spzed, and sheweth hir gaye taille
She minceth, she bzideleth, she swimmeth to and fro
She tredith not one here a wzye, she tryppeth like a do
I bzode in the strete, going or cumming homward
She quauerith, and wardelith, like one in a galiard
Euerye ioynt in her bodye and euerie part
Oh it is a ioylie wenche to myns and deuyd a fart
She talketh, she chatteth like a Pye all daye
And speaketh like a parat Poppagaye
And that as fine, as a small silken thzeede
Ye and as high as an Eagle can fle for a neade
But it is a spitfull lying girle, and neuer well
But whan she may sum yll tael by me tel
She woll I warrant you, a non at the firste
Of me immagine, and saye the worst.

And what ſoeuer ſhe to my maiſteris doth ſaye
It is wꝛiten in the goſſpell of the ſame daye
Therfoꝛe I woll here with my ſelfe deuiſe
What I may beſt ſay, and in what woiſe
I may excuſe this my long taryeng
That ſhe of my negligence may ſuſpect nothyng
Foꝛ if the faulte of this be found in mee
I may giue my life foꝛ halpenis thꝛee
Hic cogitabundo ſimilis ſedeat.
Let me ſtodie this moneth, and I ſhall not fiend
A better deuiſe then now is cume to my mynd
Maiſtries woll I ſaye, I am bound by my dutie
To ſee that your womanhod haue no iniurie
Foꝛ I heare and ſee, moꝛe then you now and then
And your ſelfe partlie know the wantin wyles of men
When wee came yender, there dyd I ſee
My mayſter kiſſe gentilwomen tow oꝛ thꝛee
And to come emongs others my thought byde
He had a myꝛuayllus great phantaſye
I non he commaundyd me to run thens foꝛ you
To cume ſupe there if you wold but I wot not how
My hart grudgid miſtruſting leſt that I being awaye
My maiſter wold ſum light caſt playe
Wher vpon maiſtries, to ſe the ende
I tarried halfe ſuppertime ſo god me mende
And beſydes that there was ſuch other compainye
As I know your maiſtriſſhip ſetteth nothing by
Gozges dames of the cozte and galaunts alſo
With doctours, and other ruffiers mo
At laſt whan I thought it tyme and ſeaſune
I cam too certifie you as it was reaſune
And by the way whome ſhould I mete

But that moſt honeſt Gentilman in the ſtret
Which the laſt wike was with you here
And made you a banket, and bouncing cheare
Ah Jenkin q he good ſpid how fareſt thou
Mary wel god yld it you maiſter q I how do you
How dothe thy maiſteris ſhe at home
Ye ſyr q I and ſuppeth all alone
And but ſhe hath noo maner good chere
I am ſure ſhe wold gladlye haue you there
I cannot cum now ſayd he I haue buſines
But thou ſhalt carie a tokine from me to thy maiſtreis
Goo with me too my chaumbre at youe lane end
And I woll a diſhe of cofferds vnto hyr ſend
I folowid him, and was bolde by your leaue
To receiue and bring them here in my ſleue
But I wold not for all Englond by Jheſu Chryſt
That my maiſter Youngrace herof wyſt
Or knew that I ſhould any ſuch geare to you bring
Leſt he mildime vs both in ſum worſe thyng
Nor ſhew him nothyng of that I beſore ſayed
For then in dyd ſyr I am arayed
Yf you doo I may nothing heraſter vnto you tell
whether I ſe mi maſter doo ill or well
That if you now this counſaile kepe
I wol eaſe you parchaunce twiſe in a wike
you may ſaye you wer ſike and your hed did ake
that you lulled not this night any ſupper make
Speciallye with out the dores but thought it beſt
too abyde at home and take your reſt
And I wyll to my maiſter too bring hym home
For you know he wolbe angrie if he come alone
this woll I ſaye and face it ſo well

That ſhe ſhall beleue it euerye dell
You ſaye you frinds, by the armes of Robyn hood
Wol not this excuſe be reſonable good
To muſe foꝛ any beeter, great foly it is
Foꝛ I may make ſure reckenning of this
That and if I wold ſit ſcoꝛing this. viii. yere
I ſhall not ells find how to ſaue me all clere
And as you ſee foꝛ the moſt part our wittes be beſt
When wee be taꝛyne moſt vnredieſt
But I wol not giue foꝛ that boye a flye
That hath not al tymes in ſtoꝛe one good lye
And cannot ſet a good face vpon the ſame
Therfoꝛe ſaint Goꝛge & boꝛoue, as it wol let him frame
I woll ieopard a ioynt, bee as bee maye
I haue had many lyke chaunces, befoꝛe this daye
But I pꝛomiſe you I do curſtlie feare
Foꝛ I feel a vengeable burning in my left ere
And it hath byn a ſaying, oftyme long
That ſwete mete woll haue ſoure ſauce among
And ſurelye I ſhall haue ſum ill haye
Foꝛ my here ſtandith vp vnder my caye
I would knocke but I dare not by our ladye
I feare hanging where vnto no man is haſtie
But ſeing there is no nother remedie
Thus to ſtand any longer it is but folye.

Hic pulſet oſtium.

They bee ſoo farre with in, the cannot heare

Jacke Jugler.

Holt thy knoking ſaucie knaue, what makeſt thou there

Jenkene Careawate.

What knaue is that ſhe ſpeaketh not too me I trowe
And we mete the one of vs is lyke to haue a blowe

foꝛ

For nowe that I am well chafed, and ſumwhat hote
twentye ſuche could I hewe as ſmall as ſclye to pote
And ſurelie if I had a knyfe
This knaue ſhould eſcape hardelye with his lyfe
To teache him to aſke of me any more
What I make at my owne maiſtirs dooze

¶ Jacke Jugler

But if thou come from that gate thou knaue
I woll fet thee by the ſwet lookes ſo god me ſaue

❧ Jenkine Careawaie

woll the horeſoon fyght in dede by myn honeſtie
I know no quarell he hath too me
But I wold I were with in the houſe
And then I wold not ſet by hym a louſe
For I feare and miſtruſt ſuche quareling thiues
See how he beginnith to ſtrike vp his ſleues

¶ Jacke iugler

His arſe makith buttens now, and who luſtith to ſcale
Shall find his hart creping out at his heele
Or ells lying hiden in ſum cozner of his hoſe
Yf it be not alredie dzopped out of his noſe
For as I doubt not but you haue hard before
A more daſtard couerd knaue was neuer borne

❧ Jenkin Careawaie

The diuell ſet the houſe a fier, I trowe it is a curſte
When a man hath moſt haſt he ſpedith worſt
Yf I bee robed, or ſlayne, or any harme geate
The fault is in them that dothe not me in lete
And I durſt ieoperd, an hunderid pounde
That ſum bauderie might now within be founde
But except ſum of them come the ſoner
I ſhall knocke ſuche a peale, that al englond ſhal wõder

¶ Jake iugler

Knoke at the gāte hardelye agayne if thou dare
And ſeing thou wolt not bye faire wordes beware
Now ſiſtes, me thinketh yeſterdaye. vii. yers paſt
That four men a ſleepe at my fete you caſt
And this ſame day you dyd no maner good
Nor were not waſhen in warme blod

✤ Jenkin Careawaie

What whorſon is this that waſhith in warme blod
Sum diuell broken looſe, out of hell for wood
Four hath he ſlayne, and now well I ſee
That it muſt be my chaunce the fift to bee
But rather then thus ſhamfullye too be ſlayne
Wold Chriſt my frends had hanged me being but yers. ii
And yet if I take good hart and be bolde
Percace he wolbe more ſobre and coulde

¶ Jake iugler

Now handes beſtur you about his lyppes and face
And ſtreake out all his teth without any grace
Gentelman are you diſpoſed to eare any fiſt mete

✤ Jenkin Careawaye

I haue ſupped I thanke you ſyr and lyſt not to eate
Geue it to them that are haungrie if you be wyſe

¶ Jacke iugler

Yet ſhall do a man of your dyet no harme to ſuppe twiſe
This ſhalbe your Chiſe, to make your met digeſt
For I tell you thes handes weighith of the beſt

✤ Jenkin Careawaye

I ſhall neuer eſcape ſee how he waghith his handes

¶ Jacke iugler

With a ſtroke they wyll lay a knaue in our ladye boons:
And this day yet they haue done no good at all

✤ Jenkine Careawaye

Ere ỹ aſſaye thē on mee, I prai̇e thee lame thē on ỹ wal
But ſpeake you all this in earneſt, or in game
Yf you be angrie with me trulye you are to blame
For haue you any iuſt quarell to mee

C Iake iugler

Eer thou and I parte that wol I ſhew thee

✠ Ienkin Careawaye

Or haue I doone you any maner diſpleaſure

C Iake iugler

Ere thou and I parte thou ſhalt know, ỹ maiſt beſure

✠ Ienkin Careawaye

By my faith yf thou be angrie without a cauſe
You ſhall haue a mendes made with a cople of ſtraus
By thee I ſette what ſoeuer thou arte
But for thy diſpleaſure I care not a farte
May a man demaund whoſe ſeruant you bee

C Iacke iugler

My maiſters ſeruaunt I am for veritie

✠ Ienkin Careawaye

what buſynes haue you at thys place now

Iacke iugler

May mary tell me what buſyneſs haſt thou
For I am commaunded for to watche & giue diligence
That in my good maiſter Boungraces abſence
Noo miſchaunce may happen to his houſe certayne

✠ Ienkin Careawaye

well now I am cume, you may go hens agayne
And thanke them ỹ ſomuch for my maiſter hath doone
Sewing them ỹ the ſeruants of ỹ houſe be cume home
For I am of the houſe, and now in woll I goo

C Iacke iugler

I cannot tell whether thou be of the houſe or noo

But

But goo no nere, leſt I handle thee like a ſtrainger
Thanke no man but thy ſelfe, if thou be in any daunger

Jenkine Careawaye

Marye I dekye thee, and plainly vnto thee tell
That I am a ſeruaunt of this houſe, and here I dwell

Jacke Iugler

Now ſoo god me ſnache, but thou goo thee waies
Whille thou mayeſt, foꝛ this foꝛtie dayes
I ſhall make thee not able to goo noꝛ ryde
But in a dungcart oꝛ a whilberow lyng on on ſyde

Jenken Careawaie

I am a ſeruaunt of this houſe by thes.x.bons

Jacke Iugler

Noo moꝛe pꝛating but geat thee heng at towns

Jenkin Careawaye

Why my mayſter hath ſent me home in his meſſage

Jacke Iugler

Pike and walke a knaue, here a waye is no paſſage

Jenkin Careawaie

What wilt thou let me from my nowne maiſtirs houſe

Jacke Iugler

Be tredging, oꝛ in faith you bere me a ſouſe
Here my mayſter and I haue our habitacion
And hath continually dwelled in this manſyon
At the leaſt this dooſen yers and od
And here wol we end our lynes by the grace of god

Jenkin Careawaye

Why then where ſhall my maiſter and I dwell

Jacke Iugler

At the Dyuell yf you luſt, I can not tell

Jenken Careawaye

In nomine patris, now this geare doth paſſe

for a litel before ſupper here our houſe was
And this day in ỹ morning I wol on a boke ſwer
That my maiſter and I both dwelleyd here
¶ Jake iugler
Who is thy mayſter tell me with out lye
And thine owne name alſo let me knowe ſhortlie
For my mayſters all, let me haue the blame
Yf this knaue kno his maſter or his owne name
❧ Careawaye
My maiſters name is maiſter Boungrace
I haue dwelled with him a longe ſpace
And I am ienkin Careawaye his page
¶ Jake iugler.
What ye drunkin knaue begin you to rage
Take that, art thou maiſter Boungracis page
❧ Careawaie
Yf I be not, I haue made a verye good viage
¶ Jacke iugler.
Dareſt thou too my face ſaye thou art I
❧ Careawaye
I wolde it were true and no lye
For then thou ſholdeſt ſmart, and I ſhould bet
Where as now I do all the blowes get
¶ Jacke iugler
And is maiſter Boungrace thy maiſter doeſt ỹ then ſaye
❧ Careawaye
I woll ſwere on a booke, he was ons this daye
¶ Jacke iugler
And for that thou ſhalt ſumwhat haue
Becauſe thou preſumeſt, like a ſaucye lying knaue
To ſaye my maiſter is thyne: who is thy maiſter now.
❧ Careawaie.

By my trouthe ſyr who ſo euer pleaſe you
I am your owne, for you bete me ſoo
As no man but my mayſter ſholde doo
Jake iugler
I woll handle thee better if faut be not in fyſt
Careawaie
Helpe ſaue my life maiſters for ỹ paſſion of chriſt
Jacke iugler
Why thou lowſy theke doeſt thou crye and roze
Careawaye
No fayth I woll not crye one whit moze
Saue my lyfe helpe, or I am ſlaine
Jacke iugler
Ye doeſt thou make a romeringe yet a gayne
Dyd not I byde the holde thy peace
✤Careawaie
In faith now I leaue crieng, now I ſeaſe helpe, helpe,
Jacke iugler
Who is thy maiſter Careawaye
Mayſter Boungrace
Jacke iugler
I woll make the chaung ỹ ſong, ere wee pas this place
For he is my maiſter, and a gaine to lee I ſaye
That I am his ſenkin Careawaye
Who art thou now tell me plaine
✤Careawaye
Noo bodye, but whome pleaſe you ſertayne
Jacke iugler
Thou ſaydeſt euen now thy name was Careawaie
✤Careawaye
I crye you marcy ſyr, and forgiueneſs praye
I ſaid a mylle becauſe it was ſoo too daye
And thought it ſhould haue continued alwaies

Like a fole as I am and a dronken knaue
But in faith syr yee se all the wytte I haue
Therfore I beseche you do me no more blame
But giue me a new maister, and an other name
For it wold greue my hart soo helpe me god
To runne a bout the stretes like a maisterlis nod

Jake iugler

I am he that thou saydest thou were
And maister boungrace is my maister ỹ dweleth heare
thou art no poynt Careawaye thi witts do thee faylle

Careawaye

Ye mary syr you haue bette them doune into my tayll
But syr myght I be bolde to saye on thyng
Without any blowes, and without any beatynge

Jake iugler

Truce for a whyle say one what thy lust

Careawaye

May a man too your honeste by your wourd trust
I pray you swere by the masse you woll do me no yll

Jacke iugler

By my faith I promise pardone thee I woll

Careawaye

What and you kepe no promise. Ja iugler. then bpō cat
I praie god light as much or more as hath on ỹ to daye

Careawaye

Now dare I speake so mote I thee
Maister boungrace is my maister, and the name of mee
is tenken careaway, iacke iugler. What saiest thou soo

careawaye

And yf thou wilt strike me, and breake thy promise, doo
And beate on mee, tyll I stinke, and tyll I dye
And yet woll I still saye that I am I

Jacke iugler

This bedlem knaue without dought is mad

¶ Careawaye

No by god for all that I am a wyſe lad
And can cale to rememberaunce euery thynge
That I dyd this daye, ſithe my vpriſynge
For went not I wyth my mayſter to daye
Erly in the morning to the Tenis playe
At noone whyle my maiſter at his dynner ſate
Played not I at Dice at the gentylmans gate
Did not I wayte on my maiſter to ſupperward
And I thinke I was not chaūged ꝑ way hōward
Or ells if thou thinke I lye
Aſke in the ſtret of them that I came bye
And ſith that I cam hether into your preſens
what man lyuing could carye me hens
I remember I was ſent to fetche my maiſteris
And what I deuiſed to ſaue me harmeles
Doo not I ſpeake now is not this my hande
Be not theſe my feet ꝑ on this ground ſtande
Did not this other knaue her knoke me about ꝑ
And beat me tyll I was almoſt dede (hede
How may it then bee, that he ſhould bee I
Or I not my ſelfe it is a ſhamfull lye
I woll home to our houſe, whoſoeuer ſay naye
For ſurelye my name is ienkin Careawaye

¶ Jacke Jugler.

I wol make thee ſay otherwiſe ere we depart if we can

¶ Jenkin Careawaye

Nay that woll I not in faith for no man
Except thou tell me what I thou haſt doone
Euer ſyth fiue of the cloke this after noone
Reherſe me all that with out anye lye

And

And then I woll confeſſe that thou art I

✠ Jacke iugler

When my maiſter came to the gentylmãs place
He cõmaunded me too rune home a great pace
Too fet thyther my maiſteris and by the waye
I dyd a good whyle at the bukelers playe
Then came I by a wife that did coſterds ſell
And caſt downe hir baſket fayre and well
And gathered as many as I could gete
And put theim in my ſleue here they bee yet

Careawaie

How the diuell ſhould they cume there
For I dyd them all in my owne ſleue bere
He lyeth not a woorde in all this
Nor dothe in any one poynt myſe
For ought I ſe yet betwene erneſte and game
I muſt go like me a nother name
But thou mighteſt ſee al this, tel the reſt that is behind
And there I know I ſhal thee a lyer fynd

✠ Jacke iugler

I ran thence homeward a contrarye waye
And whether I ſtoped there or naye
I could tell if me luſteth a good token
But it may not very well be ſpoken

Jenkin Careawaye

Noo may I praye thee let no man that here
But tell it me priuelye in mine ere

✠ Jacke iugler

I thou loſt all thy mony at dice chriſt geue it his curſe
Wel and truelye pycked before out of an other mãs porſe

Jenken Careawaie

Godes bodye horeſon theke who tolde thee that ſame

Sum

Sum cunning diuell is with in thee payne of shame
In nomine patris, god and our blessed ladye
Now and euermore saue me from thy cumpanye

Jacke iugler

How now art thou Careawaye or not

Careawaye

By the lorde I doubte, but sayest thou nay to that

Jacke iugler.

Ye mary I tell thee careawaye is my name

Careawaye

And by these tene bones myne is the same
Or ells tell me yf I be not hee
What my name frome henforth shall bee

Iacke iugler

By my fayth the same that it was before
Whan I lust too be Careawaye no more
Looke well vpon me, and thou shalt see as now
That I am ienkyne Careawaye and not thou
Looke well a pon me, and by euerye thyng
Thou shalt well know that I make no leasing.

Careawaye

I se it is soo without any doubte
But how the dyuell came it a boute
Who soo in England lokethe on him stedelye
Shall perceiue plainlye that he is I
I haue sene my selfe a thousand times in a glasse
But soo lyke my selfe as he is neuer was
He hath in euerye poynt my clothing & mi geare
My hed, my cape, my shirt and notted heare
And of the same coloure, my yes, nose and lyppes
My chekes chine, neake, feete, leges, and hippes
Of the same stature, and hyght and age

And

And is in euery poynt maiſter Boungrace page
That if he haue a hole in his tayle
He is euen I myne owne ſelfe without any faile
And yet when I remembre I wot not how
The ſame mā ẏ I haue euer bine me thinkith I am now
I know mi maiſter, & his houſe, & my fiue witts I haue
Why then ſhould I giue credence to this foliſhe knaue
That nothing entendith but me delude and mooke
For whom ſhould I feare at my maſters gate to knoke

Jacke iugler

Thinkeſt thou I haue ſayde all this in game
Goo or I ſhall ſend the hens in the dyuills name
A voyde thou louſye lurden & precious ſlinking ſlaue
that nether thi name knoweſt nor canſt ani maiſter haue
wine ſhakin, piloye perpours, of lice not wout a pecke
hens or by gods precious I ſhall breake thy necke

¶ Careawaye

Then mayſter I beſiche you hartylye take the payne
yf I be found in any place too bringe me to me againe
Now is not this a wonderfull caſe
That no man ſhould leaſe him ſelfe ſoo in ony place
Haue any of you harde of ſuche a thyng here to fore
No nor neuer ſhall I dare ſaie from henſforth any more

¶ Jacke iugler

whyle he muſeth an iudgeth him ſelfe apon
I woll ſtele a waye for a whyle and let him a loon

❧ Careawaie

Good lorde of heuine, where dyd I my ſelfe leaue
Or who did me of my name by the waye bereue
For I am ſure of this in my mynde
That I dyd in no place leue my ſelfe byhinde
yf I had my name played a waye at dyce

Or had ſold my ſelfe to any man at a prꝛce
Or had made a fray and had loſt it in fyghtyng
Or it had byne ſtolne from me leaping
It had byne a matter and I wold haue kept pacience
But it ſpiteth my hart to haue loſt it by ſuche open neg-
Ah thou hoꝛeſone drouſie drunken ſote (ligence
Yt were an almes dyde to walke thy cote
And I ſhꝛew him that wold foꝛ thee be ſoꝛꝛe
Too ſee thee well curryed by and by
And by Chꝛyſt if any man wold it doo
I my ſelfe wold helpe there too
Foꝛ a man may ſee thou hoꝛeſone gooſe
Thou woldeſt lyſe thyne arſe if it were looſe
Albeit I wolde neuer the dyde beleue
But that the thing it ſelfe doth ſhewe and pꝛꝛue
There was neuer Ape ſo lyke vnto an Ape
As he is to me in feature, and ſhape
But what woll my maiſter ſay trow ye
When he ſhall this geare here and ſee
Wyl he know me thinke you, when he ſhal ſe me
Yf he do not a nother woll as good as he
But where is that other Jewether is he gon
To my mayſter by cockes pꝛecius paſſion
Eyther to put me out of my place
Or too accuſe me to my maiſter Boungrace
But I woll after as faſt as I can flee
I truſt to be there as ſoone as hee
That yf my mayſter be not redye home to come
I woll be here agayne as faſt as I can rune
In any wyſe to ſpeake with my mayſteris
Or elſs I ſhall neuer eſcape hanging doubtles

Dame Coye

I ſhall not ſuppe this night full wel I ſee
For as yet noo bodie cumithe for to fet mee
But good ynough let me alone
I woll bee euen with theim euery chone
I ſaye nothing, but I thinke ſum what I wis
Sum ther bee that ſhall here of this
Of al vnkind & churliſhe huſbands this is ỹ ſcaft
To let ther wyues ſet at home and faſt
While they bee forth and make good cheare
Paſtime, and ſporte, as now he doth there
But yf I were a wyſe woman, as I am a mome
I ſhold make my ſelfe as good chere at home
But if he haue thus vnkindlye ſerued mee
I woll not forget it this monethis three
And if I weſt ỹ fault were in him, I pray god I be ded
But he ſhoulde haue ſuche a kyrie, ere he went too bed
As he neuer had before in all his lyfe
Nor any man ells haue had of his wyfe
I wolde rate him and ſhake him after ſuch a ſorte
As ſholde be to him a corraſiue, full lytle to his cumforte
Alis trippe and goo
Yf I may be ſo bolde by your maiſterſhips lycens
As too ſpeake and ſhew my mynde and ſentence
I thinke of this you may the bope thanke
For I know that he playeth you many a lyke pranke
And that wolde you ſaye, yf you knew as mutch as wee
That his daylye conuerſacion and by hauiore ſee
For yf you commannd him to goo ſpeake with ſum one
Yt is an houre ere he wolbe gone
Then woll he rune forth, and playe in the ſtrete
And cume a gaine and ſay that he cannot with him mete
Dame Coye

Naye,naye,it is his maisters playe
He seruithe me soo almost euerye third daye
But I wolbe euen with him as god geue me ioy
And yet the fault may bee in the boye
As vngracious a graft so mot I thriue
As any goeth on goddes ground a lyue

Careawaye

My witte is brethed in suche a brake
That I cannot deuise what way is best to take
I was almost as fare as my maister is
But then I begane to remember this
And to cast the worstas on in fere
yf he chaunce to see mee and kepe me there
Til he cum him selfe,& speake with mi masteris
Then am I lyke to bee in shrewd dystres
yet were I better thought I to turne hom again
And fyrst speake with her certayne
Cockes bodie yonder she standeth at the doze
Now is it wourse then it was befoze
Wold christ I could get againe out of hir sight
Foz I see be her looke she is disposid to fyght
Bi ꝑ lozd she hath ther an angrie shrewes loke

Dame cope

Loe yender cumithe that vnhappye hooke

⁂ Careawaye

God saue you maysteris doo you know me well

Dame cope

Cume nere hither vnto mee,and I shall thee tell
Why thou noughtie vyllan is that thy gyse
To gest with thy maisteris in suche wise
take that to begyne with,and god befoze
When thy maister cumith home thou shalt haue moze

Foz

For he told me when he forth wente
That thou shouldest cume bake a gaine incontinente
To bringe me to supper where he now is
And thou hast plaid by the waie, & thei haue don bi this
But no force I shall thou mayst trust mee
Teache all naughtie knaues to beware by thee

✤ Careawaye

For sothe maisteris yf you knew as much as I
ye woulde not be with me halfe so angrie
For the faulte is neither in mi maister nor in me nor you
But in an other knaue that was here euen now
And his name was ienkin Careawaie

Dame coye

What I see my man is disposid to playe
I woine he be dron ken or mad I make god a vou

Careawaie

Nay I haue byn made sobre and tame I now
I was neuer so handelid before in all my lyfe
I would euery man in England had so beat me his wife
I haue forgotten with touling by the here
What I deuised to say a lytle ere

Dame coye

Haue I lost my supper this night through thi negligẽce

Careawaye

Nay then wer I a knaue misteris, sauing your reuerẽce

Dame coye

Why I am sure that by this time it is doone

✤ Careawaye

Ye that it is more then an our agone

Dame coye

And was not thou sent to feache mee theyther

Careawaye

Yes and had cume right quiklie hither
But that by the waye I had a gret fall
And my name, body shape legges and all
And meat with one, that from me did it stelle
But be god he and I sum bloues dyd deale
I wolde he were now before your gate
For you wold poumile him foylile a bout the pate

Dame Coye

Cruelye this wagevastie is either dzunken or mad

✠ Careawaye

Neuer man soffred so mutche wzong as I had
But maisteris I should saye a thinge to you
Tary it wol cum to my remembzence euen now
I must nidde vse a substanciall pzemeditacion
For the matter lyeth gretylie me a pon
I beliche your maisterishipe of pardon and forgiuenes
Delyering you to impute it to my simple & rude dulines
I haue forgotten what I haue thought to haue sayed
And am therof full ill a paied
But whan I lost my selfe I knew verie well
I lost also that I should you tell

Dame Coye

Why thou wzechid villen doest thou me scorne and mocke
To make me to these folke a laufyng stocke
Ere thou go out of my handes ỹ shalt haue sum thynge
And I woll reskine better in the morynge

✠ Careawaie.

And yf you bete me e maysteris a vile you
For I am none of your seruaunts now
That other I is now your page
And I am no longer in your bondage

Dame Coye

new

Now walke precious thike get thee out of my syght
And I charge thee cum in my presens no more this night
Get thee heng and wayte on thy maister at ons

Careawaie

Mary syr this is handeling for the noons
I wold I had byn hanged before ꝑ I was lost
I was neuer this canuased and tost
That ik my maister on his part also
Handle me as my maisteris and the other I do
I shall surelye be killed bitwine theim thre
And all the diuels in hell shal not saue me
But yet ik the other I might haue wᵗ me parte
All this wold neuer greue my harte

Iacke iugler

You saye you maisters I pray you tell
Haue not I requited my marchent well
Haue not I handelyd hym after a good sort
Had it not byne pytie to haue lost this sporte
I none his maister on his behalphe
You shall see how he woll handle the calphe
yᵗ he throughlye angered bee
He woll make him smart so mot I thee
I wold not for the price of a new payre of shone
That any parte of this had bynne vndune
But now I haue reuenged my quarell
I woll go do of this myne apparell
And now let Careawaye be Careawaye againe
I haue done with that name now certayne
Except perauenture I shall take the selfe same wede
Sum other tyme agayne fora like cause and nede

Boungrace

Why then darist thou to presume too tell mee

Care

That I know is no wyse possible for to bee

Careawaye

Now by my truth master I haue told you no lie
And all these folkes knowith as well as E
I had nolooner knoked at the gate
But straight wayes he had me by the pate
Therfore yf you bet me tyll I fart & shyt againe
you shall not cause me for any payne
But I woll affirme as I said before
That when I came nere a nother stode at ỹ dore

Boungrace

Why ỹ naughtye villaine darest ỹ affirme to me
that which was neuer sene nor hereafter shalbe
That one man may haue too bodies & two faces
And ỹ one man at on time may be in too places
Tell me dranckest thou any where by the waye

Careawate

I shreue me if I drāke any more thē twise to day
Tyll I met euen now with that other I
And with him I supped and dranke truelye
But as for you yf you gaue me drinke and meat
As oftentymes as you do me beat
I were the best fed page in all this Cytie
But as touchyng that, you haue on me no pitye
And not onlye I but all that do you sarue
For meat and dryuke may rather starue

Boungrace

What you saucye malypert knane
Begine you with your maister to prat and braue
your tonge is lyberall and all out of frame
I must niddes counger it and make it tame
wher is ỹ other Careawai ỹ thou said was here

Care

Careawaye

Now by my chrystendome syr I wot nere

Boungrace

Why canst thou fynde no man to moke but mee

¶ Careawaye

I moke you not maister soo mot I thee

Euerye word was trew that I you tolde

Boungrace

Nay I know toyes and pranke of olde

And now thou art not satisfyed nor content

without regarde of my biddinges and commaũdiment

To haue plaied by the waie as a leude knaue & negligẽt

When I thee on my message home sent

But also woldest willingly me delude & moke

And make me to all wyse men a laughyng stoke

shewing me suche thinges as in no wise be maie

Co ỹ intent thy leudnes mai turne to iest & play

Therfore if ỹ speake any such thing to me agaĩ

I promyse it shalbe vnto thy payne

Careawaye

Loo is not he in myserable case

That sarueth suche a maister in any place

that with force wol compel him ỹ thing to denie

That he knoweth true, and hath sine w̃ his ye

Boungrace

Was it not troiest thou thine owne shadoo

¶ Careawaye

My shadoo could neuer haue beten me soo

Boungrace

why by what reason possible may suche a thyng bee

¶ Careawaye

Nay I maruael and wonder at it more than ye

And

And at the fyrſt it dyd me curſtelye meane
Noz I wold myne owne yes in no wyſe belyue
Untyll that other I beate me ſoo
That he made me belyue it whither i wold oz no
And if he had your ſelfe now within his reache
He wold make you ſay ſo too oz elis beſhite your
(Maiſter Boungrace (bzeach
I durſt a good mede, and a wager laye
That thou laieſt doune and ſleppeſt by the waie
And dzemid all this that thou haſte me tolde
(Careawaie
Naye there you lye maſter if I might be ſo bold
But we ryſe ſo erlye that yf I hadde
I hadde doone well and a wyſe ladde
yet maiſter I wolde you vnder ſtood
That I haue all wayes byn truſty and good
And dye as faſt as a bere in a cage
When ſo euer you ſende me in your meſſage
in kaythe as foz this that I haue tolde you
I ſawe and felte it as waking as I am nowe
Foz I had noo ſoner knocked at the gate
But the other I knaue had mee by the pate
And I durſt to you one a boke ſwere
That he had byn watching foz mee there
Longe ere I came hyden in ſum pzypye place
Euen foz the nons too haue me by the face
Maiſter boungrace
why then thou ſpeakeſt not with my wyfe
(Careawaye
No that I dyd not maiſter by my lyfe
Untyll that other I was gone
And then my maiſteris ſent me after a none

(Too

To waight on you home in the dyuelles name
I wene the dyuell neuer ſo beate his dame
Maiſter boungrace
And where became that other Careawaye
✲ Careawaye
By myne honeſtie ſyr I cannot ſaye
But I warrant he is now not far hens
He is here amonge this cumpany for .xl. pens
Maiſter boungrace
Hence at tonce ſike and ſmell him out
I ſhall rape thee on the lying knaues ſnought
I woll not bee deludyd with ſuch a gloſing lye
Nor giue credens tyll I ſee it with my oune iye
✲ Careawaie.
Truly e good ſyr by your maiſterſhipps fauoure
I cannot well fynd a knaue by the ſauoure
Many here ſmell ſtrong but none ſo ranke as he
A ſtronger ſented knaue then he was cannot bee
But ſyr yf he be happelye founde anone
what a mēds ſhal I haue for ẏ you haue me don
Maiſter boungrace
If he may befound I ſhall walke his cote
✲ Careawaie
Ye for our ladi ſake ſyr I beſiche you ſpare hī not
For it is ſum falſe knaue withouten doubt
I had rather thē .xl. pens we could find him out
For yf a man maye beliue a glaſe
Euin my verie oune ſelfe it was.
And here he was but euyn right now
And ſteped a waye ſodenlie I wat not how
Of ſuch a other thig I haue nether hard ne ſene
By our bleſſyd lady heauen quene

Maiſter boungrace
Plainelye it was thy ſhadow that thoudideſt ſe
For in faith the other thyng is not poſſible to be
Careawaye
Yes in good faith ſyr by your leaue
I know it was I by my apples in my ſleue
And ſpeakith as like me as euer you harde
Suche here, ſuch a Cape, ſuch Hoſe and cote
And in euery thing as iuſt as .iiii. pens to a grot
That if he were here you ſhould well ſee
That you could not diſcern nor know hī frō me
For thinke you that I do not my ſelfe knowe
I am not ſo foliſhe a knaue I trowe
Let who woll looke him by and by
And he woll depoſe vpon a boke that he is I
And I dare well ſay you woll ſaye the ſame
For he called hym ſelfe by my owne name
And tolde me all that I haue done
Sith fyue of the cloke this after none
He could tell when you were to ſupper ſete
you ſend me home my maiſteris to fete
And ſhewed me al thinges that I dyd by ỹ waie
Boungrace
What was that
Careawaie
How I dyd at the Bukelers playe
And whā I ſcaterid a baſket of apples frō a ſtal
And gethered them into my ſleue all
And how I played after that alſo
Boungrace
Thou ſhalt haue by therfore ſo mote I go
Is that the guiſe of a truſtie page

To playe when he is ſent on his maiſters meſſage

Dame coye

Laye on and ſpare not for the loue of chryſt
Roll his hed to a poſt, and fauoure your fyſte
Now for my ſake ſwete hart ſpare & fauoure your hand
And lay him about the ribbes with this wande

Careawaye

Now mercy that I aſke of you both twaine
Saue my lyfe and let me not be ſlayne
I haue had beting ynough for one daye
That a miſchife take the other me Careawayne
That if euer he cume to my handes agayne
I wis it ſhalbe to his payne
But I maruayll greatlye by our lorde Jheſus
How he Iescapid, I me beat me thus
And is not he I an vnkind knaue
That woll no more pytie on my ſelfe haue
Here may you ſee, euidentlye ywis
That in him me no drope of honeſtie is
Now a vengaũce light on ſuche a churles knaue
That no more loue toward my ſelfe haue

Dame coye

I knew verye wel ſwite hart & ſaied right now
That no fault therof ſhould be in you

Boungrace

No truelye good bedfelow, I were then mutch vnkinde
yf you at any tyme ſhould be out of my mynde

Dame Coye

Surelye I haue of you a great treaſure
For you do all thinges which may be to my pleaſure

Boungrace

I am ſorye that your chaunce hath now byne ſo yll

I wolde gladly bene vnſupped, ſoo you had your fyll
But goo we in pigeſnie that you may ſuppe
you haue cauſe now to thanke this ſame hange vppe
For had not he bene you had faryd very well

Dame Coye

I bequeth him w a hot vengaunce to the diuell of hell
And hartelye I beſiche him that hanged on the rode
That he neuer eate nor drynke, that may do him good
And that he dye a ſhamefull dethe ſauing my cherytie

Careawaie

I pray god ſend him ſuche proſperitie
That hath cauſed me to haue all this buſines
But yet lyrs you ſee the charitye of my maiſtris
She liueth after a wonderfull charitable facion
For I aſſure you ſhe is alwayes in this paſſion
And ſcarcelye on daye throughout the hole yere
She woll wyſhe any man better chere
And ſum tyme yf ſhe well angred bee
I pray god(woll ſhe ſaye) ỹ houſe may ſinke vnder mee
But mayſters yf you happen to ſee that other I
As that you ſhall it is not verye likelye
Nor I woll not deſyre you for him purpoſelye to looke
For it is an vncomperable vnhappye hooke
And if it be I, you might happin to ſeeke
And not fynd me out in an hole weeke
For whan I was wonte to rune a waye
I bſed not to cum a gayne in leſſe thã a moneth or tway
Howbeit for all this I thinke it be not I
For to ſhew the matter in dyde trulye
I neuer vſe to rune a waye in wynter nor in vere
But all wayes in ſuche tyme and ſeaſon of the yere
When honye lyeth in the hiues of Bees

And

And all maner frute falleth from the trees
As Apples, Nuttes, Peres, and plummes also
Wherby a boye maye liue a brod a moneth or two
This cast do I vse I woll not with you fayne
Therfore I wonder if he be I sertaine
But and if he be, and you mete me a brod by chaunce
Send me home to my waister with a bengaunce
And shew him if he cume not ere to morowe night
I woll neuer receyue him agayne if I myght
And in the meane time I woll giue him a grote
That woll well and thryftelye walke his cote
For a more vngracious knaue is not euen now
Bytwene this place and Calycow
Nor a more frantike mad knaue in bedelem
Nor a more folle hence to Jherusalem
That if to cume agayne, parcace he shall refuse
I woll continew as I am and let hym choose
And but he cum the soner by our lady bright
He shall lye without the dores all nyght
For I woll shit vp the gate, and get mè to bede
For I promisse you I haue a very gydie hede
I nede no supper for this nyght
Nor wolde eate no meat though I myght
And for you also maister I thinke I best
you go to bede, and take your rest
For who of you had byn handelid as I haue ben
wold not be long out of his bede I ween
No more woll I but stele out of syght
I praye god geue you all good nyght
And send you better hape, and fortune
Thē to lesse your selfe homeward as I haue don

Sumwhat

Sumwhat it was ſayeth the prouerbe olde
That the Catte winked when here eye was out
That is to ſaye no tale can be tolde
But that ſum Englyſhe maye be piked therof out
yf ſo to ſerche the laten & ground of it men wil go aboute
As this triflyng enterlud ꝑ before you hath bine reherſed
May ſignifie ſum further meaning if it be well ſerched

Such is the faſhyon of the worlde now a dayes
That the ſymple innocentes ar deluded
And an hundred thouſand diuers wayes
By ſuttle and craftye meanes ſhamefullie abuſed
And by ſtrength force, and violence oft tymes compelled
To belyue and ſaye the moune is made of a grene cheſe
Or ells haue great harme, and parcace their life leſe

And an olde ſaying it is, that moſt tymes myght
Force, ſtrength, power, & colorable ſubtlete
Do the oppreſſe, debare, ouercum and defeate ryght
Though ꝑ cauſe ſtand neuer ſo greatlye a gainſt equite
and ꝑ truth therof be knowē for neuer ſo ꝑfit certantye
ye & the pore ſemple innocent ꝑ hath had wrong & iniuri
Muſt cal ꝑ other his good maiſter for ſhewing hym ſuch
(marcye)
And as it is daylie ſene for fere of further diſpleaſure
He muſt that man his beſt frende and maiſter call
Of whome he neuer receiued any maner benefite
And at whoſe hand he neuer han any good at all
And muſt graunt, affirme, or denie, what ſoeuer he ſhall
He muſt ſaye the Croue is whight, yf he be ſo cōmaūded
ye and that he him ſelfe is into a nother body chaunged

He

He muſt ſaye he dyd a myſſe, though he neuer dyd offend
He muſt aſke forgeuenes, where he did no treſpace
Or ells be in troble, care and meſerye with out ende
And be caſt in ſum arrierage, without any grace
And that thing he ſawe done before his owne face
He muſt by compulſion, ſtikelie denye
And for feare whether he woll or not ſaye tonge you lye

And in euerye faculte, this thing is put in vre
And is ſo vniuerſall that I nede no one to name
And as I fere is like euermore to endure
For it is in all faculties a commyn ſporte and game
The weker to ſaie as ỹ ſtrõger biddeth, or to haue blam
As a cunning ſophiſt woll by argument bring to paſſe
That the rude ſhal confeſſe, and graunt him ſelfe an aſſe

And this is ỹ daylie exeerſiſe and practiſe of their ſcoles
And not emongs them onlie, but alſo emong all others
The ſtronger to compell and make poore ſymple foles
To ſay as they commaund them in all maner matiers
I woll name none particular, but let them all togithers
With out any exception, for I praye you ſhewe me one
Emonges al in the worlde that vſe he not ſuche faſhon

He that is ſtronger and more of power and might
Yf he be diſpoſed to reuenge his cauſe
Woll ſone pike a quarell be it wronge or right
To the inferior and weker for a cople of ſtraues
And woll agaynſt him ſo extremelie lay the lawes
That he wol put him to the worſe, other by falſe iniurie
Or by ſome craft and ſubtelete, or ells by plaine terranie

As you sawe right now, by example playne
An other felowe being a counterfeat page
Brought the gentylmans seruaunt out of his brayne
And made him graunt ỹ him selfe was fallen in dotage
Baryng him selfe in hand that he dyd rage
And when he could not bryng that to passe by reason
He made him graunt it, and saye by compulsyon

Therfore happy are they that can beware
Into whose handes they fall by any suche chaunce
which if they do, they hardlye escape care
Trouble, Miserye, and wofull greuaunce
And thus I make an end, cõmitting you to his gidaū
That made, & redemed vs al, and to you ỹ be now here
I prayse god graunt, and send many a good newe yere.

¶ Finis.

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